VI

The conflict of justice twixt Lamanite
and Nephite factions would continue six
hundred years more, but Emma lacked the time
to sit and scribe its end; their daily bread
still needed baking, and the clothes they wore
still needed to be laundered of both dust
and sweat. What peace and quiet she could steal
was tainted by the taste of bile, spued up
in celebration of an answered prayer.
Emma thanked heaven for her pregnancy
but contemplated alterations to
her physiognomy with growing dread—
the swollen stomach; joints so loose it hurt
to swing her legs; a constitution leached
of vital force by some unseen, unknown,
embodied spirit. Haunted by the ghost
of future joys and sorrows, Emma found
it difficult to focus on a past
whose outcome was her present.

She gave up
the pen for good, to Martin Harris, just
as Joseph started in on Abishag
and her experience of childbirth. With
the older man's arrival, Joseph could
proceed apace. He felt no need to stop
the work and finished his dictation of
The Book of Lehi only days before

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his bride expected to deliver new
life to the world.

Because sabbatical
succeeds creation, Martin planned a trip
back to Palmyra, asking Joseph leave
to take the manuscript and show his wife
the fruits produced through their financial and
his secretarial support. He asked,
and Joseph asked the Lord, in turn, surprised
to hear the unequivocal response:
a

No

in thunder. To condemn a man
of war, like Samson, for surrendering
to softness is to obfuscate our own
capitulation to the present and
to presence—Martin worried what his wife
would say next week, and Joseph that his most
steadfast adherent would abandon him:
they asked a second time and then a third,
as though they were unable to conceive
another question, or another route
to their desired destination. And thus,
by importunity, they wrested bread
from stones—permission to show Lucy what
her husband offered time and treasure to
deliver into being, with the sole
condition that the manuscript be shown
only to those in Martin's family.

He left, and Alvin came: a tender babe
too like his namesake, he was taken back
to heaven only moments after his
arrival.

Joy aborted, Joseph raged
against divine injustice—how could God
allow the innocent to be removed
involuntarily from loving homes

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and sent to hell, for want of water? *His*
the hand that plucks and prunes and his the hand
of judgment—so he thought, but Joseph knew
as little of the Lord, as yet, as trees,
at night, of hydrogen and helium
and nuclear fusion and gravity.
He shed a trail of tears, but night is when
the vapor pressure deficit dips low
enough for trees to grow, and water loss
through transpiration is offset by gains
distilling from the heavens: Emma lived,
and Joseph grew more still, relinquishing
the morrow to itself.

But what became
of Martin? Whence the man? The manuscript
entrusted him? The prophet chased him north,
as though he were a fugitive, but found,
instead, a prodigal. Ashamed, bereft
of that which he had prematurely asked
for, Martin knew that by miscarrying
The Book of Lehi, he had lost his soul
as well as Joseph's only copy of
the transcript.

Joseph learned that he had sinned
as soon as he saw Martin's face and read
therein the news, as though a paperboy
had published Martin's indiscretion—and
his own transgressions—from the housetops. This
first revelation, that a prophet and
a chosen vessel might be torn in two,
emancipated Joseph from the creeds
insisting sin and grace both persevere:
all wrong! Although the God of Heaven gave
him grace sufficient to work miracles,
the war between his vain ambition and
the principles of righteousness was not
concluded, only entering a new
and different phase. If he continued as
he had begun, in faith, and chose the things

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that please the Lord, his gift would be restored,
and he might translate once again; but if
he trusted in the flesh and set at naught
the counsels of the Lord, another would
receive an hundred-fold, and he'd be left
with sixty-, thirty-, less—according to
the recompense of God.

That Joseph's first
recorded revelation should condemn
himself—the prophet speaking on behalf
of God—might seem a paradox. But soap
is made on slaughter days: the fat scraped free
of bone and sinew, then repurposed, mixed
with ash and boiled until the lye has lost
its edge—one drop upon the tongue, to test
its alkalinity. Too soon and, like
a coal from off the altar, soap will burn.
Because he burned, the prophet felt himself
forgiven, cleansed of sin, and ready to
continue translating the record.

Still,
he needed an assistant who could take
dictation. Martin had betrayed him;
Emma was yet recovering her strength
after her brush with death; and others he
rejected out of hand, disqualified
through their incontinence or distance from
his home in Pennsylvania. Damned despite
the Lord's forgiveness and unable to
progress until another scribe appeared,
he itched for new intelligence—the thrill
of revelation coursing through his mind,
enlarging his conception of the world
and all that isn't in it. Yes, he itched,
but Joseph kept himself from scratching and,
in stillness, found a new perspective on
the plight of Moses, standing at the shore
and waiting for salvation. Summer flew,
and fall, and winter, fruitlessly, but on

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the sixth of April, eighteen twenty-nine,
a blooming bough was grafted on his soul.

Although another year would pass before
the words of Jesus Christ to prophets and
apostles in the Western Hemisphere
were published and his Church established, when
his brother Samuel arrived on foot
in Harmony, delivering a man
called Cowdery for inspection, Joseph sensed
the harvest was at hand. With Oliver
to scribe, The Book of Mormon fairly leapt
from Joseph's lips; the pair sat side-by-side
for hours, the young schoolmaster taking down
dictation from a man who should have been
his pupil. Covered with a linen cloth,
the golden plates lay unconsulted on
their table, like a prop, while Joseph stared
into his seerstone, reading of the church
that Nephi's offspring organized among
the people of the Lord, as Emma worked
and Oliver put pen to paper, each
transfixed by the unfolding story of
a nation fallen from prosperity
to famine, tribalism, and decay—
the narrative disrupted only by
infrequent queries made by Oliver
about the spelling of *Abinadi*
or other matters of transcription.

But
one day in May, as they considered what
he'd written, Oliver asked Joseph when
the Savior would return to earth and give,
again, authority to baptize those
who seek his kingdom; for, without that pearl
of great price, efforts to decode The Book
of Mormon mattered little in the war
between the house of God and Satan's hosts.
Not narrative but power was required
to usher in the peace of Jesus Christ's

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millennial administration, so
the prophet recommended that they do
as he had done, when, as a little boy,
he knelt in prayer to ask remission of
his sins and saw the resurrected Man
of Holiness descend in fire which burned
without consuming.

Little thinking that
the son, whose naming by Elizabeth
made men with knives feel insecure, might come
again, or that a woman's chance to be
ordained to priesthood office was at stake,
Emma declined an invitation to
accompany her husband when he left
with Oliver to skirt round furrowed fields,
where buried seeds unfolded to the light,
and scout themselves a sylvan chapel, so
their prayers might be expressed in solitude.
They sought for rights to act—not civilly,
as ministers of law, but in the name
of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—and both
young men fell back to see their dream made flesh.

In answer to their prayers, a personage
descended, clothed in glory, to declare
the same good news he shared with those who came
to see him in the wilderness and be
immersed in Jordan's current: "I am John,
a fellow servant sent by Peter to
prepare the way for Jesus Christ's return
and to ordain the faithful gathered here
with power." Placing hands on Joseph's head,
he said, "The priesthood held by Aaron, with
the keys of ministering angels and
repentance, for remission of all sin
in those you baptize by immersion, I
confer on you, my fellow servant, in
the name of the Messiah." Then, again,
the son of Zacharias placed his hands

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on Oliver, ordaining him a priest
as well.

Withdrawing several paces and
surveying with expectant gaze the beech
and birch and tulip trees surrounding them,
as though he thought a late arrival to
their conference might appear, the angel paused.
How long? Not forty weeks; not twenty-nine
and one half days; not even half an hour,
for fear the seven angels might mistake
his silence as a sign their time had come;
just long enough for Emma, in her home,
to punch the proofing dough back down and set
it farther from the fire, to rise again,
more slowly.

Satisfied, the Baptist spoke
with plainness, giving them instruction as
to how the ordinance of baptism
should be administered, insisting that,
after the sins they had been laden with
were washed away, each lay his hands upon
the other and ordain themselves once more,
this time as members of Christ's body. Then,
the angel promised, Peter, James, and John
would come to seal the oath and covenant
they entered by the Holy Spirit of
the Promise and confer the priesthood named
in honor of Melchizedek, that they
might be endowed with power both to bind
and loose.

So saying, he ascended, and
though Joseph knew no more of when the Lord
would come again, or how the work that he
would do might hasten Christ's return, the weight
of solitary certainty had slipped
from off his shoulders: Oliver had seen
and heard, and in the mouth of two the truth
would be established. With a unity

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of purpose, they arose and cut across
the fields towards the Susquehanna and
the Great Physician's remedy for sin,
where Oliver was dipped by Joseph and
the prophet by his scribe.

As each then stood
up dripping, in the stream, the future course
of history was opened to their view:
the trump of Revelation, presaging
combustion and the sacrifice of all
green grass and breathing trees; the second trump,
destroying international accords
and commerce; and the third, foretelling an
unwinding of the social contract by
embittered men who preach impious war.
However, Joseph also understood
the role this priesthood of repentance would
assume in staving off depravity:
the image of his helpmeet's hands appeared,
unbidden, in his mind, depressing rye
and Indian to form a cavity
that held a gill or two of lively yeast;
the upward curving of her lips when she
removed the linen and could see the sponge
had doubled; and the steam exhaled as knife
met crust and wrested life from death, through bread.
He understood, that is to say, how three
measures of meal might come to feed the world
and how the kingdom of Almighty God
would grow from two or three who gathered in
His name until it swept through every clime
and penetrated every continent,
announced in every language and endorsed
in every country, saving not just eight
but eighty billion souls, by—water.

To
the world he made no declaration; to
his wife, who saw his dripping trousers, he
described the Baptist's charge to be made clean

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FIGURE 11. "Baptism in the Last Dispensation." Godwin.

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of sin, and she entreated him to dip
her in the river also. Joseph gave
his word, but news of Emma's baptism
provoked the skepticism and the scorn
of neighbors who already thought the Hales
had given shelter to a charlatan.
The night before she was to be immersed,
as Isaac Hale glanced out his window, he
caught sight of torchlight and, intuiting
its destination, rushed to meet the band
before they reached his daughter's home. Although
the mobbers had been ready with a rail
for Joseph, none were willing to assault
a man of property and standing, so
negotiation gendered compromise:
the charcoal-painted faces would retreat,
provided Hale could guarantee his son-
in-law would wait to baptize anyone
until he left the county, which they now
expected him to do within the month.
And Emma? Absent as her right to life
eternal was debated, she remained
unbaptized for the nonce, the premium
of Joseph's freedom.

Oliver procured
an invitation from the Whitmers, of
Fayette, New York, with whom the pedagogue
had lived some weeks, like Irving's Ichabod,
as an itinerant instructor to
their fourteen-year-old girl, Elizabeth,
for whom he felt the tug his dowsing rod
once gave him, leaping in his hands, towards
a hidden spring. Her brother David came
to help them move, but only after their
arrival, when Elizabeth explained
the providential circumstances of
his traveling, could Emma, Oliver,
and Joseph understand the Whitmers' faith
that God had brought them to Fayette.

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"It was
a miracle," she said, shamefast, "and I
feel highly favored to have witnessed their
leave-taking. David asked, as soon as he
had read your letter, for permission to
depart for Harmony, but Father told
him that he couldn't go until he had
attended to his business here—a field
still needed harrowing, and plaster spread."

"Two days," her brother interjected, "It
was two days' work, at least."

"But when I woke,
she testified, "the field was white with lime
already for the planting, and I saw
two men retreating through the mist."

"God sent
His angels," David clarified, "to speed
my coming, so that I could help you to
Fayette. We know the work engaging you
has been commissioned by the Father and
are pleased to offer room and board till you
can finish translating the record."

With
renewed intensity, the prophet set
to work among the Whitmers, who took turns
relieving Oliver as scribe. The words
flowed effortlessly from his lips, until
the third time Emma climbed upstairs to ask
when Joseph might be free to drive her in
to town. Delivering a broadside in
response, accusing her of nagging and
impatience, Joseph bowed his head again
to translate and discovered that the words
were gone. He stared into the darkness of
his hat for longer than you might expect
before conceding he would have to ask
forgiveness for his furor if he hoped
to feel, again, the mighty, rushing wind

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that shook his limbs like quaking aspen leaves
and set his tongue aflame.

As was his wont,
the prophet sought a quiet stand of trees
in which to pray. Three hours elapsed before
he staggered dripping back, as though a fire
had caused his blood to boil like sap and sent
it steaming out his pores; wrung out and pale
as bone, he stumbled in, clasped Emma's hand,
and begged her pardon. Not with critical
analysis, as if he'd asked for flour
and she stood measuring, but with a free,
unfettered generosity, she gave
it.

"Town ho," Joseph cried and, with renewed
vitality, accompanied his wife
on sundry errands. Locals, who had heard
of heresies and treasure hunting from
the pulpit or the local pump, condemned
them with a glance. But two Canallers, whose
inflexible firmness had scandalized
the gentry, recognized in Joseph's laugh—
as merry as a cricket—something of
their wonted cheer and bowed the couple on
their way. *Good neighbors*, Joseph thought, *though they*
might lack a vine and fig tree, or a wall,
which draws two men of property into
relation, and he drove from Fayette to
the Whitmer farm without another thought
for those who sniggered, as he passed, afraid
of none but God.

Returning to his work,
the prophet spoke again with fluency,
as fast as they could take it down in black
and white, in increments of twenty-five
or thirty words, until the need for food
and drink distracted them. Then tramping down
the stairs to Mother Whitmer's table, they
descended on a spread of sauerkraut

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and scrapple; pickled eggs and pretzels; cream
and berries, with abandon. Joseph read,
and his assistants wrote, because no man
can live by bread alone. But what of those
who bake the bread, uncelebrated—no
less serviceable, walking in the path
of duty, than their brethren? Feeling more
like Martha, Mary Whitmer told herself
that women worship silently, and in
support of men ordained to represent
the Lord and speak for him, but pablum of
this sort could not assuage her hunger. *What*
of Deborah, she wondered, *Abigail*,
Priscilla, *Phoebe*, *Junia*, *Claudia*,
and Thecla? The Apostleship might be
reserved for men, but surely I could serve
in some capacity beyond the care
and feeding of voracious boys. In prayer,
she reasoned with the Lord, recounting years
of toil and mourning that the miracle
that lightened David's workload, freeing him
to fetch the Smiths, had also multiplied
her own—more mouths to feed, more bread to bake,
more crumbs which tumbled under table to
be swept. A crumb was all she asked: not for
relief from labor but a glimpse, a taste
of what she labored for; one morsel of
the manna gathered word by word, above
her head, as she stood measuring out flour.

Persuaded or portuned—whatever His
pure purpose—God responded to her prayer
in mercy. While her family and guests
still lay abed the morrow morning, Mary drudged
inside the cowshed, gently wiping down
each teat before massaging it from top
to bottom, crooning in a quiet voice,

> *"So sind wohl manche Sachen,*
> *Die wir getrost belachen,*
> *Weil unsre Augen sie nicht sehn."*

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FIGURE 12. "A Witness for Mary Whitmer." Godwin.

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A brimming pail in either hand, she picked
her way across the yard, arrested by
the advent of an unfamiliar face,
which blinked into existence as she walked—
a face attached, she noticed, glancing down,
to arms and hands, which held a bundle of
some weight. That strength belied the whiteness of
his beard, suggesting a maturity
attained through strenuous experience
beyond the cloister's walls. Before he spoke
she had already guessed his purpose and
identity, so setting down the milk,
she waited patiently, to see and hear
about his burden.

Not a dream, this face-
to-face encounter with an angel, who
behaved as though he were a neighbor, come
to call on her. "Good morning, Mary," he
began, and transferring his satchel to
the ground, reached out a hand in greeting. She
received it in her own and recognized
the tokens of a fellow laborer—
the callused palm and hardened fingers of
a working man. As Thomas had, she, too,
could handle him and see the signs of his
reality: a shadow stretching past
her feet, across the timothy; a fleck
of spit dried white between his lips; a small
repair to his neat homespun suit. Not much,
in fact, to show he was an angel, but
the matron was untroubled by his plain
attire and speech.

"Good morning," she replied,
"and how might you be called?"

"Moroni is
my name, and I've been sent from God, that you
might know that the interpretation of
this record has been given by the hand
of Jesus." Reaching in his knapsack, he

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withdrew the golden plates and held them up
for her inspection, giving an account
of their creation and the part he played
in guiding Joseph to their resting place.
And in conclusion, he declared, “If there
are faults, they are errata introduced
by men; condemn it not because of the
conducing means that God makes use of, for
it is the most correct of any book
on earth, and all who heed its precepts will
be privileged to become acquainted with
the Holy One, who sells to her that hath
no money and reveals himself to her
that hath no standing to demand it.” With
these final words he vanished, leaving her
to ponder the impossible.

Among
the peoples of the earth, her name has been
forgotten. Martin, Oliver, and her
son David sought the honor for themselves
and testified to all the world that they
had heard the voice of God declare The Book
of Mormon to be true; that they had seen
Moroni come from heaven clothed in light
and glory, carrying the golden plates
for their inspection. These Three Witnesses,
and Eight to whom the prophet showed the plates
himself, permitting them to heft and see
and handle, gave their signatures as proof
of sensory experience with God
and gold, endorsing Joseph’s claims, and they
live on in every copy of the book,
while she—the first and only witness whom
the Lord selected—fades from memory,
just one more Mary overshadowed by
eleven men.

But what was Joseph Smith’s
alternative, when women in New York
were legal chattels and a century
would pass before the state admitted them

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in jury boxes? Statutes there required
that *three to nine male persons should transact*
affairs concerning the creation of
a new religious corporation, so
of course the five that Joseph culled, from more
than fifty gathered at the Whitmer home
on April sixth, were men. A year had passed
since Oliver's arrival, but the book
was published and a church established; time
enough, at that pace, for the prophet to
address misogyny and any form
of prejudice forestalling Zion in
the years to come. Or so, at least, he might
have thought, if he had seen the problems in
relying wholly on the sterner sex
to promulgate Christ's mercy and preside
over his plan of happiness.

His main
concern, in eighteen thirty, was escape—
from persecution, prosecution, and
the prostitution of his message. Word-
for-word, but out of context, lawyers framed
his declaration of the gospel truth
as an incitement to disorderly
behavior, and although they lost before
the judges, Joseph's enemies prevailed
in courts of public sentiment. A mob
was raised and extralegal violence planned,
but Oliver and Joseph heard of their
intent and fled the scene, a heartbeat in
advance of their pursuers, to the woods
near Joseph Knight's estates in Colesville. No
wagon that night, to speed their journey; its
destruction had appeased the lawless last
time Joseph visited the Knights, and so
they raced on foot through mud and mire until
the schoolmaster collapsed.

The prophet, who
remembered running on another night,
with fifty pounds of gold to weigh him down

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and no companion, bent to lift him up
and whisper words of cheer, but Oliver
threw off his arm and cried, in pique, "How long?
O, God! How long have we to be pursued
until you let us rest?" Then, *deus ex*
machina, light—three angels introduced
themselves, descending with the dawn to share
their apostolic power: Peter, James,
and John.

Their faces streaked with dust and sweat,
the fugitives knelt dumbly mute before
the fishermen, uncomprehending. Who
can say why God sends angels after his
anointed have been forced to flee, and not
preveniently? Ask Elijah, who
ran forty days and nights from Jezebel's
assassins with the strength imparted by
God's messenger—but only after he'd
exhausted his own powers and laid down
to die. No explanation for the time
and place of ordination was proposed;
no words of protest offered. Each received
the laying on of hands and was sent off
by men who faded on the crowing of
a cock.

Sent off, but where? The men who'd chased
them seemed to have disbanded with the dawn,
yet Joseph knew the night's unrest would be
recurrent if he lingered in New York,
and Pennsylvania's welcome promised to
be just as rude; the neighbors Isaac Hale
negotiated with expected him
to keep his distance. Harmony would turn
to discord in a trice if he returned.
The answer—inconceivable to one
who'd never heard of Kirtland; couldn't guess
who Sidney Rigdon was; and didn't know
his funeral would antecede the Saints'
arrival at a final resting place—
escaped him. So, until the time was ripe,

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he paced the stone, deferring his desire
for destination and responding to
the exigencies of each moment with
an open-ended interest, waiting for
the Lord of Harvests to reveal his will.

Between appearances in court, he hid
with family and friends, until he'd run
iteratively through them all. The fixed
foot of a compass, Joseph jostled back
and forth in search of stillness, wearing through
the fragile fabric of society—
unmoving only by comparison
with his companion, roaming from
Ohio to the Mississippi and
the western borders of Missouri on
a mission to the Indians.
But Oliver's evangelism met
with more success among the Baptists led
by Rigdon than in Shawnee council tents,
so Joseph pivoted. In processing
the news that hundreds had been baptized and
that members of the church in Kirtland now
outnumbered those familiar with his face,
who'd knelt with him in prayer and listened to
him testify of visions, golden plates,
and angels, he discerned the voice of God
and called a scribe to take dictation:

"Thus
have I, the Lord your God, commanded: that
my church shall go to the Ohio and
assemble there against the enemies
conspiring to destroy my doctrine. And
again, I say that ye shall not go up
from thence until the gospel has been preached
in regions round about, for I have much
people who pray to me in faith, and they
must also hear my word. And they shall be
a strength to bolster thee, as Aaron was
to Moses. Here is wisdom, but behold,
let every man and woman choose, for they

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are agents to themselves until I come.
Amen."

No hesitation on the part
of Emma, who declared herself prepared
to go without a backward glance, despite
her delicate condition, so with hand
in hand, they left New York to seek a place
of rest. The residue came after, at
a measured pace, disposing of their homes
and land to seek the mansions promised by
their Savior, like a walk of snails that shed
its shells in search of something better: a
cocoon, perhaps, a tomb from which they might
emerge kaleidoscopically—with wings.
They bade farewell to friends and willingly
accepted a surcease of neighborly
associations as the foreseen price
of metamorphosis.

But others paid
unwillingly. The twins that Emma bore
in Kirtland joined her firstborn, in a shroud,
and Joseph might have lost himself again,
in rage, if overreaching death had not
provided consolation. Not content
to swallow up Louisa, Thaddeus,
and Alvin Smith, the greedy grave laid claim
to Emma's counterpart: a mother named
Julia Murdock, who gave birth—a mile
away, the very day that Joseph held
his children for the first and final time—
to twins who lived. Their father, John, gave up
the pair to Emma's care, considering
himself ill-suited to the labor of
dry-nursing two small babies.

"Children are
entitled to be reared by father and
by mother both," he said, depositing
the infants in her arms, then turning to
embrace the prophet, "and the Lord made known

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to me that though you are not yet as Job,
in all that you have suffered to defend
the name of Jesus Christ, your recompense
will be the same. And as an earnest of
that promise, I entrust you with my son
and daughter, to instruct and raise as though
they had been born to you, possessing and
receiving every right to their respect
and filial affections prior to
the morning of the resurrection, when
your own sweet babes will be restored to you
again."

Providing for the physical
necessities of newborns, Emma and
the prophet found themselves exhausted at
the end of every evening and collapsed
together on their corn shuck mattress for
a first sleep. After caring for the twins,
whose mewling cries awoke them in the dark,
young lovers made the most of their dorveille
before returning to the angle of
repose, in right relation to the world
and one another, for a second sleep.
But their biphasic slumber seemed to leave
the couple more fatigued each morning than
they'd been at night, and Joseph joked about
how much he missed his moonlight races through
the woods: "At least on those occasions I
could wrestle my pursuer, if he caught
me, for my freedom; now, a wrestle might
increase the number of those keeping me
awake. Like Hercules, I find that two
new heads are born whenever mine is laid
to rest, and rectifying this affair
will be my greatest labor." Jesting words,
but Joseph knew himself oracular
in their pronouncement—that the Lord would find
his efforts to restore the primitive
perfection of his gospel wanting, if
he overlooked weightier matters of

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the law, including those whose weariness
found refuge at his breast. So Joseph paced
their little cabin floor and comforted
the children in his arms with lullabies,
in answer to the questions they had not
yet learned to ask.

The questions he himself
most wanted answered—How could he discern
authentic portents of the Spirit from
deceitful workings of the devil? Where
would all his followers arriving from
New York find lodging? When would he be told
to build the city Zion? Which of all
the Indians would be his allies in
that project? What would Emma say if he
brought home a chief for dinner?—they could wait
until his family was settled. Here
he saw a future worth the struggle they'd
endured: no mobs to mar the evening calm;
no plates of gold or irreplaceable
translation to protect; and no new tears
to cry above an empty crib. Until
a servant could be found, the twins would need
their undivided interest, Joseph knew,
but Emma had already spoken with
the Alger girl and thought her willing, if
Clarissa would consent. The church could wait
a month or two, while he and Emma caught
their breath and let domestic joys possess
them. Joseph, now that he had been ensconced
in Kirtland's safety and society,
surrounded by his followers and friends,
might rest at last, with confidence he'd yet
accomplish all that God could ask of him
in building up The Church of Jesus Christ.

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